They might haue liude to beare, and he to taſte
Their fruits of duety : ſuperfluous branches
We loppe away, that bearing boughes may liue:
Had he done ſo, himſelfe had borne the crowne,
Which waſte of idle houres hath quite throwne downe.
Man. What, thinke you the King ſhall be depoſed?
Gard. Depreſt he is already, and depoſde
Tis doubt he will be . Letters came laſt night
To a deare friend of the good Duke of Yorkes,
That tell blacke tidings.
Queene Oh I am preſt to death through want of ſpeaking
Thou old Adams likeneſſe ſet to dreſſe this garden,
How dares thy harſh rude tong ſound this vnpleaſing news?
What Eue?what ſerpent hath ſuggeſted thee
To make a ſecond fall of curſed man?
Why doſt thou ſay king Richard is depoſde?
Darſt thou thou little better thing than earth
Diuine his downefall? ſay, where, when, and how,
Canſt thou by this ill tidings ſpeake thou wretch?
Gard. Pardon me Madam, little ioy haue I
To breathe this newes, yet what I ſay is true:
King Richard he is in the mightie hold
Of Bullingbrooke : their fortunes both are weyde
In your Lo. ſcale is nothing but himſelfe,
And ſome few vanities that make him light:
But in the ballance of great Bullingbrooke,
Beſides himſelfe are all the Engliſh peeres,
And with that oddes he weighs King Richard downe ;
Poſt you to London and you will find it ſo,
I ſpeake no more than euery one doth know.
Queene Nimble Miſchance that arte ſo light of foote,
Doth not thy embaſſage belong to me,
And am I laſt that knowes it? Oh thou thinkeſt
To ſerue me laſt that I may longeſt keepe
Thy ſorrow in my breaſt : come Ladies go
To meete at London Londons king in wo.
What, was I borne to this that my ſad looke

Should grace the triumph of great Bullingbrooke?
Gardner for telling me theſe newes of wo,
Pray God the plants thou graftſt may neuer grow. *Exi*
Gard. Poore Queene, ſo that thy ſtate might be no wo
I would my Skill were ſubiect to thy curſe:
Here did ſhe fall a teare, here in this place
Ile ſet a banke of Rew ſowre herb of grace,
Rew euen for ruth heere ſhortly ſhall be ſeene,
In the remembrance of a weeping Queene. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bullingbrooke with the Lords to parliament.

Bull. Call forth Bagot. *Enter Bagot.*
Now Bagot, freely ſpeake thy mind,
What thou doeſt know of noble Glouceſters death,
Who wrought it with the King, and who performde
The bloudy office of his timeles end.
Bagot Then ſet before my face the Lord Aumerle.
Bull. Couſin, ſtand foorth, and looke vpon that man.
Bagot My Lord Aumerle, I know your daring tong
Scornes to vnſay what once it hath deliuered.
In that dead time when Gloceſters death was plotted
I heard you ſay, Is not my arme of length,
That reacheth from the reſtful Engliſh court,
As farre as Callice to mine vncles head?
Amongſt much other talke that very time
I heard you ſay, that you had rather refuſe
The offer of an hundred thouſand crownes,
Then Bullingbrookes returne to England, adding withal,
How bleſt this land would be in this your coſins death.
Aum. Princes and noble Lords,
What anſwer ſhall I make to this baſe man?
Shall I ſo much diſhonour my faire ſtarres
On equall termes to giue them chaſticement?
Either I muſt, or haue mine honour ſoild
With the attainder of his ſlaunderous lippes.
There is my gage, the manual ſeale of death,